THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDWARD DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
HENRY PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS OF NEXT PAGE }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1628.

Choice Poetry.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Waft wits the beautiful and with the grand;
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Spurn every bauble that is in the land,
But grow not all thy human thoughts to her.

Walk with the beautiful.

I hear thee say, "The beautiful—what is it?"
Oh, then art darkly ignorant! *Be sure*
Thou so long, weary road in form to tour,
For these exist make it smile beside thy door.

Then love the beautiful!

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when thy heart is lonely;
The same it knew it, for they were in force,
And then set made a little lower only.

Then love the beautiful!

Sigh for it; kiss it when 'tis in thy way;
Be its idolator as of a maiden.
Thy persons have to it, and more than they
Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden

Comes with the beautiful!

Some haunt its presence upon Heven's face—
Notice in the pencioned papers of the sky—
But be not fooled. Where'er the eye may trace,
Searching the beautiful, it will be nigh.

Then seek it every where!

Thy bosom is its mint—for workers are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee. Be rich
Into the beautiful is master of a star—
Then mak'st it so—but thyself deceiving

If *either* over thy such.

Dost thou see beauty in the violet cup?
Or touch thee wherein. Well—then do touch,
And see in my shallow mind. Or, if thou'rt up,
And be ye beautiful.—If thou hast faith.

Then walk with the beautiful!

One thing, I warn thee—touch no lease to gold—
It is a witch of such almighty power
That it will change the rainbow all.
I vouch my hand to him who leave by hour.

Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

That it will teach the world to forgive.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "VIRGINIA AND BRANDON," "THE MOTHER-IN-LAW," &c.

"THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER."

CHAPTER XXII.

KATE'S TROUBLES PRAISED.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch while some must sleep;
So runs the world away.

Hamlet.

It was always Mrs. Clifton's rule to spend Christmas at home—so she arranged to leave Richmond on the twenty-third. It was three o'clock on the dark, cold, winter morning, that the stage rolled for them. Our travellers were muffled up to the ears in hoods, flocks, shawls and furs, and when they entered the coach, they seemed to fill up all the seats. It was well that they could see nothing, and the stage were not to be variant of other passengers than themselves; and Mrs. Clifton, settling her cap and shawl-garments, spoke, cautioning Catherine to fold her cloak carefully about her feet. The coachman twice spoke, from the opposite seat, exclaiming, in a tone of surprise and pleasure—

"Why, is it possible? Mrs. Clifton and Miss Kavanagh!"

"Yes, Colonel Conyers, and I am so much pleased no surprised to find you here! How comes it that we see fellow travellers?" said the lady, glancing over the folds of her shawl.

"And how do you do, Miss Kavanagh?" said the gentleman, addressed in their turn. "Why, you must know, my dear Mrs. Clifton, that I have been due at White Cliffs for several days. I am, in fact, the bearer of a part—but in truth I could not tear myself from Richmond, while you and Miss Kavanagh remained. So last night, after taking leave of you, as I supposed, for some length of time,—under great depression of spirits, I assure you,—I sent and had a place taken in this stage, for I——, which I intended to be the quickest conveyance to White Cliffs. Why, how little did I suspect that we were to travel by the same coach! Truly, this is full of surprises. A new day dropped by either of us, last night, would have brought us both to the other! But how delighted I am, Miss Kavanagh! And was I hope, Mrs. Clifton, that our journey lies for some distance together?"

"For the whole distance, I am happy to say. The planter's home is but a few miles from the Rapidan Junction. Our journey terminates at I——."

"Really! Why this is excellent! So, instead of being separated, we shall travel all the way together, and continue to be company to each for some weeks! Miss Kavanagh, I am overjoyed."

There was not much travelling at that season of the year, so our party of three had the coach to themselves for the night. That was a relief to himself with great sensibility to the comfort of the ladies.

At the end of the second day, just as the level beams of the setting sun were gilding all the tall, leafless woodlands, the coach stopped.

There, before the little tavern door, waited Mrs. Clifton's old-fashioned carriage.

"Did you notify the old man of your intended arrival here to-day?" asked Mrs. Clifton, of Colonel Conyers.

"No, madam! My journey was rendered up on so suddenly—and of any grief and my impatience! at the suggestion that I had time and to waste."

"Ah! that is the reason why their carriage is not waiting for you. Colonel Conyers, if you will take a seat with me to White Cliffs, and rest for a few hours or a few days as you please, we shall be most happy to have you, and will send you with a conveyance to White Cliffs whenever you wish to go."

Colonel Conyers expressed himself but too happy to accept Mrs. Clifton's invitation, and they all entered the old-fashioned carriage, and set out for Hazelhurgan. The farm was nine miles distant, and the road the very roughest, even of mountain roads; but Catherine, who ventured to a cooler how any carriage could send it, and assured that it—— Carriage he let us here have been lost—the foreign nails are so irregular."

"Was he at Havana when you heard from him last, madam?"

"Yes, Catherine—but then he spoke of a speedy return home. They should have been here long before this time, or at least, he should have written to account for their delay. I send Henny regularly to the post-office—I have sent her to-day. I hope I may get a letter, though the slowest news to domicile."

Even while they spoke, the gat came in with a letter in her hand. Mrs. Clifton took it and looked at it, saying—

"At last! It is from Havana, Catherine, from Archer."

She opened it, and as she read it, her face became very grave. And having finished, she fell into thought, and said—

"It is as I feared."

"I found there was a bad news, madam!" said Catherine.

"You shall hear, Kate," replied the lady, taking up the letter and reading as follows:

HAVANA, May 1, 18—.

MY DEAR MADAM—

I have to entreat your forgiveness for a silence of four or five weeks. I will hope that you have not done the seeming neglect when you are advised of the cause. Every moment of my time for the last month has been taken up in attendance upon the sick couch of my dearest Cousin. Since the opening of the Spring, her health for the last year or so fragile, has terribly failed. I have had the best medical advice to be found on the island, but her illness has baffled their utmost skill. They have recommended me to take her to the South of France. In order to do this, I have been obliged to resign my commission in the army. You have doubtless seen by my application announced in the papers. I suppose the unsettled business of the White Cliffs estate must also suffer by my absence at this time. But what is that to me? Is anything at all things? in comparison to the dear health of my beloved Cousin? I write in great haste, in the very eve of sailing, for we go to Island the Swallow, bound from this port to Marseilles, to-day.

With undying respect and affection,

ARCHER CLIFTON.

"That is very distressing! Alas! then is life made up of sadness, else but vain desires and blighted hopes—of sorrow and sickness and death!"

"I knew it would be so, Catherine—that was a secret reason I had for not wedding this last time in longing days of a reconciliation between Carolyn and Archer. I have known for two years past that she was following her mother's fatal footsteps—that heaven die only of consumption."

"But, madam, let us hope better things. Miss are strange and maladies in the South of France, many restore her."

"O Nevis, Catherine. And it was even cruel in the doctors to send her there, to die in a foreign land, among strangers. They had better have sent her home to the arms of her child-hood and youth, where we could have cherished her. Catherine, I feel very sad."

The tears were rolling down Kate's face. The fountain of consolation in her heart was also at last, and again she had to fall back upon the Divine source of all strength and light for new faith and hope. Little she but suffering and sorrow had the girl seen since she came into the world—and no part had she filled in life but that of a sufferer.

The Summer passed with Mrs. Clifton and Catherine in their usual uninterrupted routine. They heard, at long intervals, from Major Clifton and his bride, and then the news was various and unsatisfactory. Sometimes Carolyn was better, and then would be a talk of speedy return, and, just as they had every next letter, after a long interval would speak of a season of prostration by extreme illness. And about the middle of August Mrs. Clifton received a letter from her son announcing their intention of wintering in Lisbon. He told of the beautiful villa they were the most interesting, and nearly the only interesting place on the island—of the season of rest for a cool a descent upon White Cliffs by Mrs. Georgia and her friends. The eyes, after her return from Lisbon, would be visited by a fashionable company, determined to fill up the dull lonesome hours of the mistress of the plantation by giving her a visit to her "not in Richmond"—as she persisted in calling White Cliffs. Accordingly, she made up a party of idle ladies and fashionable gentlemen, and came down to spend September.

Mrs. Clifton was very much annoyed at the arrival of this company, but she could not refuse to receive them, and to entertain them as well as she could. Catherine received a rejection, and herself off to the solitude of her own chamber, as before. At the first of October, the "exile" arrived, and in the full flush of her triumph. Catherine received and indignantly called the monied Georgia Clifton—Mrs. Richmond, whither they were shortly followed by their beautiful homes, to prepare for her Winter campaign. From this time to the middle of December, no event marked the even tenor of the life at Hazelhurgan. The Cliftons had not been there since the death of Clifton. It was over Christmas. In her anxiety to hear from Lisbon, Mrs. Clifton was in the habit of sending for the mail herself, when it left the mail came in, and sitting up till a very late hour, she would look over the letters herself.

One evening after supper, Mrs. Clifton and Catherine sat each side their work-stand, before the fire, awaiting the arrival of the mail, which had been despatched to the post-office. So often had the lady had the disappointment of being disappointed, that hope waned very faint. This time, however, she was destined to have her heart gladdened by the sight of a letter, for Kate, who stood at the window, suddenly exclaimed—

"There is the mail-boy coming on horseback, and he has a letter in his hand. Mrs. Clifton took it and looked at it, saying—

"At last! It is from Havana, Catherine, from Archer."

She opened it, and as she read it, her face became very grave. And having finished, she fell into thought, and said—

"It is as I feared."

"I found there was a bad news, madam!" said Catherine.

"You shall hear, Kate," replied the lady, taking up the letter and reading as follows:

HAVANA, May 1, 18—.

MY DEAR MADAM—

I have to entreat your forgiveness for a silence of four or five weeks. I will hope that you have not done the seeming neglect when you are advised of the cause. Every moment of my time for the last month has been taken up in attendance upon the sick couch of my dearest Cousin. Since the opening of the Spring, her health for the last year or so fragile, has terribly failed. I have had the best medical advice to be found on the island, but her illness has baffled their utmost skill. They have recommended me to take her to the South of France. In order to do this, I have been obliged to resign my commission in the army. You have doubtless seen by my application announced in the papers. I suppose the unsettled business of the White Cliffs estate must also suffer by my absence at this time. But what is that to me? Is anything at all things? in comparison to the dear health of my beloved Cousin? I write in great haste, in the very eve of sailing, for we go to Island the Swallow, bound from this port to Marseilles, to-day.

With undying respect and affection,

ARCHER CLIFTON.

"That is very distressing! Alas! then is life made up of sadness, else but vain desires and blighted hopes—of sorrow and sickness and death!"

"I knew it would be so, Catherine—that was a secret reason I had for not wedding this last time in longing days of a reconciliation between Carolyn and Archer. I have known for two years past that she was following her mother's fatal footsteps—that heaven die only of consumption."

"But, madam, let us hope better things. Miss are strange and maladies in the South of France, many restore her."

"O Nevis, Catherine. And it was even cruel in the doctors to send her there, to die in a foreign land, among strangers. They had better have sent her home to the arms of her childh

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, ... $5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10 00 "
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

NEW TYPE.

In consequence of our old type beginning to show the effects of our large circulation, and in anticipation of the great increase of subscribers which the reduction of postage is about to pour in upon us, we have thought it well to array the Post in a complete suit of new type. This type differs from what we have heretofore used, in being copper-faced—effected, we believe, by the electrotype process. This is said to make the types more durable, and more than compensate for the additional cost. Of the truth of this assertion, we shall be able to speak with more certainty some four or five months hence.

The new dress of the paper resembles almost exactly the old one. In truth, that was so near perfection, it would have been difficult to improve upon it. As to the size of the type, we have endeavored to hit the proper medium between too small and too large—as we wish to give as much reading as is compatible with the preservation of the eyes of our subscribers. We consider that some of the cheap (dear?) papers are doing a great amount of mischief by their small, illegible type. A few years ago, even books seemed to be doomed to a similar plague. But as the curse of small type has been checked in its inroads upon the world of books, we must not despair of seeing it banished from the domains of newspaperdom.

As to the copper-faced type, our opinion is that this first impression of our paper does not look quite up to the first mark of the common metal. This may be owing to a difficulty in putting on the copper with perfect regularity, which further practice may remove. The impression, however, will do very well; and if the copper-face will make the type last half as long again, the process will certainly come into general use. A good paper is not like a fashionable belle, who is uneasy if her dress be a week old. On the contrary, it becomes attached to the old suit which has done it such good service, and perhaps gone through as many wars as General Scott—or General Pierce, not to make invidious distinctions;—and its readers, too, learn to like the old look, and are almost disposed to quarrel even at a change for the better. Therefore, if one fount of type would last *forever*, very probably no publisher would complain; however much the type-founders and other selfish individuals, not prepared to sacrifice their own private bread-and-butter for the good of the community, might find fault with such an excess of durability.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

We have frequently urged upon the citizens of Philadelphia, the policy, not to say duty, of disbanding the present volunteer Fire Department, and substituting a paid one, with police powers in addition; but only of late has there appeared any general conviction of the necessity of such a change. The recent Grand Jury, to their great honor, took up this subject, and treated it in a manner deserving of all commendation. They state that over $20,000 is annually appropriated to the Department by the various municipalities in the county, that a very large sum is yearly contributed by individuals, insurance companies, &c., and that the expense of the police department is over $400,000—the chief business of the latter department being to restrain and hold in check the former. And the question, they say, "naturally comes up, whether these large sums would not be better employed in paying a set of men to put out fires, than to give largess and bounty to a volunteer fire department which requires the maintenance of so strong a police force to keep them in even tolerable order."

Believing, as we do, that the volunteer fire department has been outgrown by the age, that it is a fruitful source of vice and general demoralization among our young men, and the cause of at least three-fourths of the riots and other open disturbances of the peace, we should advocate its abolition, even if the expense of a paid system were vastly greater. But this, there are strong reasons to believe, is not the case. We have understood that Marshal Keyser has stated that with five hundred men at a salary of $600 each, and the requisite number of engines, hose carriages, and horses, he would feel no hesitation in promising, not only to put out all the fires, but to preserve, in addition, the peace and good order of the city. This probably would involve, after the first cost of the apparatus and horses, an annual expense of not more than $350,000—less than the cost of the present police department alone. And considering that the abolition of the present volunteer fire system would of itself do much to preserve the peace, we think this estimate a not unreasonable one.

In another view also, the substitution of a paid for the volunteer department, would be highly beneficial. We mean in *preventing* fires. There is no doubt, especially since recent occurrences, that property is often set on fire to call out rival and warring companies. This evil is even more deplorable in a moral, than in a pecuniary aspect. We believe that if the change we are now advocating had been made twenty years ago, we should be almost entirely exempt at present from that fearfully large class of young men whose brutality, desperate audacity, and general rowdyism are a plague and disgrace to our city.

Of course, we do not mean in these remarks to give any just cause of offence to the many worthy and meritorious members of the present department. And even the rowdy portions of it often act in a manner worthy of high praise for its courage and self-sacrifice. But the volunteer system is behind the age—our city has outgrown it—and a speedy death and honorable burial is the most that its best friends should wish it.

IMPORTANT OPINION.—The City Solicitor of Boston, has given his opinion that the private estates of the citizens are liable for debts lawfully contracted by the city—and whenever judgment is rendered against the said city, on account of any such debt, the execution may be levied upon the property of any inhabitant. Mr. Webster says that such is undoubtedly the law of Massachusetts. Whether there is anything bearing particularly upon this subject in the "law of Massachusetts," or whether the same thing is true of all city property, we are at present not informed.

GOODYEAR WON THE DAY.—The great India-rubber case between Goodyear and Day, has been decided in favor of the former, throughout, in all questions both of law and fact. This is a great victory for Goodyear—the court deciding that he and Haywood were the original inventors of what they claimed, beyond all controversy. Any one might have known beforehand, that a good year was equal to several hundreds of days. But Day is determined to still fight on, and carry the case to the Supreme Court.

AN OFFICIAL LETTER.

Some ten days ago we addressed a letter to the Post-Office Department at Washington, in relation to the scandalous condition of the Southern Mails. In that letter we inclosed the following, from a subscriber in Arkansas, as a sample of several recently received by us:

CRITTENDEN COUNTY, ARKANSAS,
September 4, 1852.

MESSRS. DEACON & PETERSON—Enclosed I hand you two dollars to pay present year's subscription to your valuable paper. It has become to me a most welcome visitor—and the only cause I have to quarrel with it, is its want of regularity. Sometimes it comes two and three together—and again, it never reaches me. I attribute no blame to you—but to the miserably regulated Post-Office. Can't you quarrel a little now that the Post-Office has a new head; then perhaps he may try what can be done to remedy many evils. My paper, (although marked via Memphis, D. P. O.,) makes a useless trip of 350 miles by water, and 150 miles land travel—to wit, by Memphis to Little Rock, and then back to Marion, which is only ten miles from Memphis.

Very respectfully,
REUBEN T. REDMAN.

Now one would think that the above complaint was reasonably enough expressed—going quite sufficiently into the details;—and yet we have received the following communication from the Post-Office Department:—

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
APPOINTMENT OFFICE, Oct. 1, 1852.

GENTLEMEN:—

Yours of the 29th ultimo, transmitting the enclosed letter from Mr. R. T. Redman, was duly received.

Mr. Redman does not designate the particular office in fault, but prefers a general complaint that he does not receive his paper regularly. *If you can point out the office where the delay occurs, the Department will take prompt steps to correct the irregularity.*

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
S. D. JACOBS,
1st Assistant P. M. Gen'l.

Now, in the name of all that is sensible and business-like, what does the Department want? Does it expect us or our subscribers to go hunting among the various distributing and subordinate Post-Offices, to ascertain whose fault it is that the mails *miscarry?* We can inform Mr. S. D. Jacobs, First Assistant Postmaster General, that we and our subscribers have our own private affairs to attend to; and that we are not employed and paid—as he and others are—for the public duty to which he refers. Just look at it! Why, the impudence or the ignorance of this letter is almost inconceivable. It is as if we should answer some well-founded complaint in reference to the mis-direction or mis-mailing of papers to a subscriber, by requesting him to point out the particular clerk, packer, or "printer's devil" who committed the error. Mr. Jacobs and others are paid by the people of this country, for the very work that he has the assurance to ask us and our subscribers to perform. Well, give us the authority and the money, and we will perform the work. If we could not infuse into the Post Office Department a little of that regularity which is almost universally met with in large private undertakings, we would be content to bear patiently all the gibes and sarcasms that all the editors of the country could perpetrate, from the sneering Mephistopheles of the New York Herald, down to a certain editorial "practical printer" of this vicinity.

Now, we beg Mr. First Assistant Jacobs to duly weigh and ponder these facts:—That it is quite sufficient for a just complaint of delay and irregularity to be made, to warrant an examination by the Department as to the cause of such delay and irregularity; that he and other unbusiness-like individuals are paid precisely for this, among other purposes; and that they are bound, therefore—in however stupid and unskilful a manner—to immediately set about a rectification of the evils complained of. And to one other important fact, we would also invoke Mr. Jacobs' attention, that it is very unwise for any First Assistant—however puffed up by "a little brief authority"—to write curt nonsense to the publishers of a paper having probably from a quarter to half a million of readers.

THE ATLANTIC AGAIN.—A PETTY AFFAIR.—Captain Richardson, of the Propeller Ogdensburg, in a statement which he has recently published, respecting the collision on Lake Erie between that boat and the Atlantic, excuses his delay in hastening to the assistance of the latter boat, by the belief that she had escaped injury, while they were the endangered party. His object, at first, in putting after the Atlantic, was to ensure the safety of his own crew and passengers, as the Propeller was leaking badly, and the Atlantic kept on her way at full speed, as if nothing had happened.

What seems very strange in this whole matter, and what has produced such a fearful result, is that the Atlantic should have been suffered to proceed on her course by the officers, regardless of their own safety, or the safety of the propeller. But such was the fact, and the reckless criminality of the conduct of the officers of that vessel, even after her condition was ascertained, chills the blood with horror, and calls loudly for the execration of every rational mind. The propeller continued her chase after the steamer, and ere long the wailing cry of the victims of the catastrophe broke upon the ear. As they hastened to the ill-fated vessel, the first hail for assistance came from a small boat, in which were Captain Petty and two of his officers. He was hailed in this wise: "I am Captain Petty, of the Atlantic—save me first!" The officers with him joining in the cry, "this is Captain Petty, of the Atlantic—save us first!" Captain Petty and his companions were taken on board and properly cared for. But how fared it with the other sufferers? Little did these men who were saved care for the fate of the others. On the contrary, the first salutation that came to the ears of their deliverers was—"For God's sake, don't go near the steamer; there are six hundred passengers on board, and they will sink you." Captain Richardson did not heed their protestations, but he hastened to the ill-fated Atlantic. As he came up with the wreck, he discovered the perilous condition of the vessel, and set to work to rescue the victims. Much care and caution was necessary, as the propeller was in a perilous condition, her bow torn out, and leaking badly; the water threatening to gain on the pumps, three of which were kept working. Nothing daunted, the captain and crew of the propeller, by skilful manœuvering, succeeded in approaching the wreck stern on, and taking off the passengers. The propeller continued to ply about the wreck for several hours, until all that could be were saved.

"I am Captain Petty, *save me first!*" "Don't go near the steamer—they will sink you." In all the annals of shipwreck, is there anything to exceed this! We devoutly hope, for the credit of human nature, that there is some mistake about this statement.

A NICE SET.—We see it stated that one of the political conventions which recently sat in this city, to nominate candidates for county offices consisted of 240 men—of whom "*nine* had been tried for their lives; *sixteen* had been convicted of crime; *forty-eight* had been tried for felonies; and *eighty-four* were keepers of small taverns, porter houses and brothels."

"These are thy *rulers*, oh, Israel!" But, "vote the regular ticket"—the country will go to ruin if you do not. "Principles and not men"—as if you could have *good* principles and *bad* men. And, by the way, we perceive that some of the political papers, on both sides, are warning their partisans against all investigations into the private character and habits of candidates, as if that were not a legitimate subject of inquiry. Such a doctrine would seem to imply a belief in a state of general corruption, with which it were well not to meddle in any direction.

SUPERSTITION.—Almost all men seem to be either religious or superstitious. Believe in something, every one must—if not in the Almighty and His Revelations, in some Power of Goodness, Infinite Chance, the Devil, Mumbo-Jumbo, Sister Ann, Joe Smith, or the Spirit Rappings. Even Louis Napoleon, it appears, believes in a young lady who foretold that he should be chief ruler of France; but who also foretold that the day he should assume the purple robe of Emperor, would witness that purple turned into crimson from the deep fountains of his heart. This alone, it is stated, on apparently reliable authority, prevents his taking the last step of all. But doubtless he one day will take it—for such predictions have a fascination, that makes even those who believe in them dare their penalties—and then we shall know whether the *vision* of the young lady was a true or false one.

MADAME ALBONI.—This celebrated lady seems to have been so well pleased with her reception in this city, that she concluded to give a series of concerts, instead of the single one promised. Her concerts have been crowded with the beauty and fashion of our city, and her singing has been received with the highest strain of encomium. A contemporary says: "Her method is singularly pure, her manner natural and true, her embellishments chaste and elegantly rendered, and she enchants every one with the sincere and earnest sentiment with which she utters the music of the Italian composers. There are no extravagancies of ornament or tricks of execution in her style; and when she has finished a song, she leaves the ear and the soul of her audience fully satisfied, and with a feeling of unmixed delight."

RATHER TOO FAST.—The American Academy, at Boston, having instituted a series of experiments, seems disposed to discredit Dr. Jackson's discovery that the deaths by chloroform are owing to fusel oil, improperly combined with it. They doubt both that the vapor of the fusel oil is poisonous, and that the fatal effects of chloroform are owing to this oil. Dr. Jackson will have "to pick his flint and try it again."

THE MORMONS AGAIN.

A Cincinnati correspondent, who gives the Mormons a regular going-over in his letter for their doctrine and practice of polygamy, and whom we judge to be something of a Mormon himself, says, very much to the purpose:—

They announce that polygamy is a doctrine "sent forth as a Standard of Universal Restoration for the Tribes of Israel, and for all nations." "They seek to excuse themselves" in their abominations, "because of the things which were written concerning some of the ancients." A specimen of this kind of sophistry is presented by Mr. Pratt in his communication, and yet this great apostle professes to be a Mormon, and I have no doubt that many of your readers imagine that Brigham Young and all these Salt Lake apostles believe in the Book of Mormon and original Mormonism, whereas they have "departed from the faith," and "have turned the grace of God into lasciviousness." The Book of Mormon informs us of just such apostles as they are, who lived on this land in ancient times. It says: "Thus saith the Lord, this people begin to wax in iniquity; they understand not the Scriptures; for they seek to excuse themselves in committing whoredoms, because of the things which were written concerning David, and Solomon his son. Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me saith the Lord. * * * There shall not any man among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none: For I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of women. * * * * I will not suffer, saith the Lord of hosts, that the cries of the fair daughters of this people, which I have led out of the land of Jerusalem, shall come up unto me, against the men of my people, saith the Lord of hosts; for they shall not lead away captive the daughters of my people, because of their tenderness, save I shall visit them with a sore curse, even unto destruction; for they shall not commit whoredoms, like unto them of old, saith the Lord of hosts." Mr. Pratt accuses "Christendom" of having "petty prejudices, local superstitions, and narrow views" on this subject, but these quotations, and more that might be made, show that the Book of Mormon is more opposed to the Salt Lake "Standard of Universal Restoration" than "Christendom is," for the Book of Mormon condemns *ancient* as well as modern polygamy. The Salt Lake apostles also excuse themselves by saying that Joseph Smith taught the spiritual wife doctrine, but this excuse is as weak as their excuse concerning the ancient Kings and Patriarchs. Joseph Smith repented of his connection with this doctrine, and said that it was of the devil. He caused the revelations on that subject to be burned, and when he voluntarily came to Nauvoo and resigned himself into the hands of his enemies, he said that he was going to Carthage to die. At that time he also said, that if it had not been for that accursed spiritual wife doctrine, he would not have come to that. By his conduct at that time he proved the sincerity of his repentance, and of his profession as a prophet. If Abraham and Jacob, by repentance, can obtain salvation and exaltation, so can Joseph Smith. Respectfully,

ISAAC SHEEN.

Cincinnati, Sept. 20th, 1852.

P. S. Brigham Young publicly declared his hostility to the United States Government in the temple in Nauvoo, and on various occasions he has done so. They are waiting for a favorable opportunity to manifest their hostility. I. S.

It therefore seems that the Salt Lake Mormons, if Mr. Sheen be correct, and he quotes the very words of the "Book of Mormon," are acting not only in opposition to common decency and morality, but to the explicit commands of their own "holy book," and to the dying testimony of Joseph Smith, their founder. We shall be pleased to hear from any of our Mormon readers, how the doctrine of their Bible upon this subject, and the present Salt Lake practices, can be reconciled. If there are a majority of honest, pure-minded men and women among the people of Deseret—and we think it very likely that such is the case—we advise them to call a grand council of the Church, depose Brigham Young, resolve that all this spiritual-wife and polygamy business is a device of Satan to ruin the "saints," and a departure from their primitive doctrine and the original order of their institutions—and thus turn over a new leaf, and preserve themselves from the destruction which is hovering over their community.

SPIRIT RAPPERS' CONVENTION.—Another Convention in Boston, of from three to four hundred of the believers in the rappings, talkings, &c., manifested a still further descent towards the regions of mere gibberish, fustian, nonsense, blasphemy and insanity. The Rev. J. M. Spear, on the first day, said, "he seemed to have received the power of helping others. His hand moved without his will toward the seats of persons diseased, and they were instantly relieved. The spirits sent him on distant missions, telling him *he would have his expenses paid*, and *it was always so*. He thought some great good would result to the world from this gift, *if he was allowed time and case to develope it.*"

On the second day, Mr. Spear produced his indorsers. A certain Mr. Hewitt "read a communication written by the spirit of John Hancock, which was approved of by the spirits of George Washington, Patrick Henry, Roger Sherman, and Benjamin Franklin. It said that John M. Spear was yet to be the wonder of the world. He would go forth to heal the sick, and do many marvellous things." John Hancock, Patrick Henry, &c., seem to have forgotten their grammar, and acquired a style of preaching peculiar to Shakers, Ranters, Jerkers, &c. A Scotchman, named Davidson, however, looking, the account says, like the Wizard in

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66, SOUTH SECOND STREET,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., will be executed with neatness, accuracy, and in the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,

A TALE OF EXPECTATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "The Deserted Wife." "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Vivia—

CLARA MORELAND,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

author of "Prairie Flower," "Bertrand of the Gauge," &c.

In addition to the above weeks of fiction, we shall not omit the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the most interesting that appears in the Eclectic periodicals, together with the Cream of the News, Choice and Witty Anecdotes, Literary Notes, Comet and Steam Engravings, &c., &c.—including at no pessible expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first-class paper, and of our great circulation.

General News.

How an English Jockey became Robert of Parma.—The New York Journal of Commerce has a long account of Queen Victoria's visit to Paris, who originally commenced life as plain Tom Wyse, a horse-jockey in an English gentleman's stables.

In addition to sagacitiousness he has the way to his promotion to Sir Hudson Lowe, who fell in with Tom Wyse's acquaintance many years ago at Malta, and found him to his liking. Acting as jockey there, he won the confidence of Sir Hudson, and was appointed to the Duke of Parma's household, and still in the way of saving some of the material expenses of his Duke, and in a short while he was made a privy councillor. Ministers then managed to get rid of him by sending him as minister to England, where he soon fell out with royal ability. After passing through many other preferments and promotions, he was made head steward of the palaces, and was now called Count de Wyse. Count de Wyse became now familiar with the financial affairs of the Duke of Lucca, the Duke's next door neighbor in the Cabinet. Tom was very popular with the people, and it seems at Lucca there was a party of the immediate inferior with "the Government."

Tom Wyse, Count de Wyse, now created Duke, and continued: bringing the Duke into difficulty with the people, and with all the powers of taxation, Tom advised his master to do away with the title of Duke, and substitute that of Prince, and the Duke took his advice. Ministers then formed a constitution that appeared to the people very liberal, and the result was a general fair up in the streets. The people demanded other changes, and more other protections. Finally, it was made head steward of the palaces, and was now called Count de Wyse. Count de Wyse became now familiar with the financial affairs of the Duke of Lucca, the Duke's next door neighbor in the Cabinet. Tom was very popular with the people, and it seems at Lucca there was a party of the immediate inferior with "the Government."

Thomas J. Sidebotham, Archbishop of New York.

General.—There are now five electoral tickets in the field for the State of New York. That man must be fastidious, indeed, who cannot find a ticket to suit one of so many. But there is considerable animosity between the State ticket and the Fillmore ticket, and the most ominous looking of the latter puts. Hon. James H. Titcomb, of the city of Rome.

We quote the Journal again:

Martin Van Buren being dead, the Duke of Lucca, by the treaty of 1815, was to be ceded in Tuscany, and the Duke of Modena there the Duke of Parma and Piacenza. Word was communicated to the Duke of Lucca that he was to be the Duke of Tuscany. The Grand Duke at first absolutely refused to accept the change, but was sent as a packet in the mean, but when Ward presidency it was made known to him that in case the Grand Duke refused to negotiate, or objected to the terms of the treaty, he was to be superseded without ceremony and to the satisfaction of the Grand Duke, the Duke became indeed so much pleased with him, and so fond of the society of Tom, that he made him ambassador to the court of Vienna, where he was received with the same honors as the Duke himself.

He was very well received by the Emperor and the court of Austria, and was very much at home, rather small—at him at first, and Schwarzenberg was pleased with him, and was even pleased to receive diplomatic visits from a man who could speak. But a new star in the Ward was not to be thrust aside. He was soon to great favor at the court of Austria, and the ambassador, and gradually became popular with the people, and was even more popular with the people by his good dinners, and by inquiring for them the best English ales and porter. Schwartzenberg was greatly enjoyed when he became enjoyed with the Duke of Wellington, and consulted him upon more important matters than the absence of the Duke of Wellington. The Duke's affairs took the Baron to England. Lord Palmerston endeavored to the negotiation, and would have put him screwed in society, but Tom, like Wellington, however, till invitations where his origin would offend court etiquette.

Affairs at home in the Duchy again gaining into confusion, the Duke of Lucca was recalled back from England. Soon making entanglements with the Duke of Modena, the Duke of Lucca found himself in a position to be glad to be back and resuming the grand.—the next we hear of the Baron is that he is the Duke's ambassador at Parma. The old Duke having resigned, his son is now the Duke of Parma. Tom Wyse is now showing want of capacity, the people, getting in control with the Duke, and the Duke used the best thing that could be done was to promote the young gentleman to be Count de Wyse, and retire at that Government to the Baron. This was in June of 1847, and the transaction, evidently was going on promisingly.

Gen. Porter's Reputation.—We witnessed a trial of a kind not frequently occurring in a Judicial's since. It is saying none too much to speak of it as one of the most able and interesting that we have ever had. The arrangement in the room, the witnesses, whose evidence was given with perfect patience, and consequently of real importance, the counsel, the Judge, the immense audience within the space of time required to pull the trigger of a pistol, and the jury, all of which could be taking out the number and arranging themselves in their seats, was as rapid as the ordinary adjustment of a prosecution on a civil case.

Some idea of the force of the gun can be gathered from the fact, that the bullet entered the eighteenth ball was fired, there was a rush into the street of persons to see what it was that was shot by one of the balls. The shots proved false ball, and consequently the testimony of the several of the balls had gone entirely through the office of the Mayor, and struck the wall of the target, and through a vast audience, into house on the opposite side of the street. The

Selected Poetry.

BEYOND THE VEIL.

Do life is lost and death forever?—Lucretius.

A glorious angel to its Heavenly home
Bore the freed spirit of a child of flesh;
Death aped they, saw, who lofty terror and dismay
Whose footsteps splendid and solemn round
made;
Pointed they at crimsoned stain, the bold armor.
There was a sudden bright beam in the air,
And splendour fell like dew-drops from their feet;
And pure and more pure became the air.

Sudden they pointed above a suburb more,
Where the gates flung open to the day,
With rolling sound and resounding beams be-
neath
And strange a sight of luminous decay!

"Mighty, fond spirit! to this isle of mine
Another death as human as your own.

A child like thee, when ancient years were thine;

"A little child, with sample of childhood's gifts,
Except its fairishness, long sights of pain,
Long days, when perspire the brow spirit-wan,
Only now sought of sorrow on the brain;
Little feeble child, distressed all our time,
Unable to attain the same as,
Knowing sweet sorrow only by the name,
Dreaming silent, how dear the is—how this!

"As the bright sunshine sometimes it into bed
At intervals, and a blue ray of sky,
Whereon, the heroic men as alone a'er lined,
Such a happy child—I did not, and was by
His little convulsion, these wide might have been
Thyrsuses, and it he have grasp to our existence
long
Fresh corruptive gathered from the mendacious graves,
Thick lime fumes, breathing fragrance of the
Spring—

"And he would glad him with the whispering
boughs,
And joyful, racing them with his feeble hand,
And down beneath them, decreasing that he bears;
By the sun at fourteen of the wood were found:
He was so fattened that he rejoiced as ever their
As step'ns my living thi g they lovingly.
The bird dear fear, returned a d unconcerned,
And singing, quieted that dim, impressing cure.

"One day they brought some snow, and 'mid a grow
A very breeze with snow-mantled gardens,
And this he planted, keeping it in view,
For now by day, his thought was a ethereal sight.
One of God's angels hovered o'er he place,
And bore this innocence sweetly: for, to-morrow—
And when the death-smile rested on his face,
There was no grief—no pain—no sorrow!

"He possess left the spot, and it become
The model rain that to-day you see:
Rude lands dung forth the flower, the very same
Whose frail life gilded his transcendently;
How innocent is an, my guide! Tell me, he child's soul asked:
"Are the angel who the flower espoused?
Was those the smile within whose light it bathed,
Through it a sunbeam to the boy appeared?"

"No!" said the angel, and the white his bow
Seemed with a brighter light than wont to shine,
"This object some of pure, diseased and woe.
Once, and but lately, little one, was mine;
Mid all the cities that movie round the Throne
Mid all the flowers immortal that may smile,
Mid one would I exchange for that one on
Its loved on earth, or more than dear sensible."

Dublin University Magazine.

Pictures of Life.

FRAGMENTS FROM A YOUNG WIFE'S DIARY.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

of his manhood. On my humbled sinner I would have mercy—how much rather must I have mercy on my *brethren!*

I had mercy. Some, stern in virtue, may condemn me; but God knoweth all.

He is—I believe it in my soul—he is a good man now, and striving more and more after good. I will help him—I will save him. Never shall he know that secret, which out of pride or bitterness might drive him back from virtue, or make him feel shame before me.

I took my resolution—I have fulfilled it. I have met him again, as a faithful wife should meet her husband: no word, look, feature, or tone, or shall betray, what I know. All our outward life goes on as before: his tenderness for me is constant, overflowing. But I am happier, now than death, or knowing my idol fallen—than when I once worshipped, I can only pity, weep, and pray.

He told me yesterday he did not feel like the same man that he was before his marriage. He said I was his good angel: that through me he became calmer, happier every day. It was true: I read the change in his face. Others read it, too. Even his aged mother told me, with tears, how much good I had done to Laurence. For this, thank God!

My husband! my husband! At times I could almost think this horror was some delirious dream, cast it all to the winds, and worship him as of old. I do feel, as I ought, duty tender-ness, compassion. Yes, as I let me feel deeply myself: I love him; in defiance of all I love him, and shall do evermore.

Sometimes his olden sufferings come over him: and then I, knowing the whole truth, feel my very soul moved within me. If he had only told me all! if I could now lay my heart open before him, with all the love and gladness of he would let me comfort him, and speak of hope, of heaven's mercy, of atonement, even on earth! But I dare not—I dare not.

Since, from this silence which he has seen fit to keep, I must not share the struggle, but must stay afar off—then, like the prophet who knelt on the rock, mystic-aiding the Israel in the battle, let my hands fall not, nor my prayer cease, until heaven subdue the victory.

Nearer and nearer comes the hour which will be to me one of a double life, or of death. Sometimes, remembering all I have lately suffered, there come to me a heavy foreboding. What, if I, so young, so strong, can little year ago, life seemed an opening paradise—what, if I should die—die and leave here, and he never know how deeply I have loved—how much I have forgiven!

Yet: he might know, and bitterly. Should Lenton tell. But I will prevent that.

In my husband's absence, I have sat up half the night writing: that, in case of my death, he may be made acquainted with the whole truth, and bear it from me alone. I have poured out all my feelings—all my tenderness. I have implored him, for the love of heaven, for the love of me, that he would in every way atone for the past, and lead for the future a righteous life. Should he die—and here, and to myself, that, after death, we may meet in joy evermore.

I have been to church with Laurence—for the last time, as I think. We knelt together, not touch the sacrament: how long, how fervent, how powerful. When we came home, we sat in our beautiful little rose-garden: he, looking on contrast—every bough he touched was a flower of hope for the future. How should this be, if to lead on to next earlier still? I sickened at the delusion of my own creating: I declined even the credence of my own senses. I longed to believe never in the beauty, and not him in the first then, from some inexplicable cause, the whole closed came over him: I read in his face—or thought I read, the torturing remorse which once more rent him from me, and yet drew me again, with a compassion that was almost stronger than love.

I thought of I would try to say, in some parable, my words that, should I die, might afterward comfort him, by telling him how he knew—had wrung my heart, and how I did not scorn him, not even for his sin.

"Laurence," I said, very softly, "I wish that you and I had known one another all our lives—from the time we were little children."

"Oh! then we had! then I had been a better and a happier man, my Adelaide!" was his answer.

"We will not talk of that. Please God, we may live a long and worthy life together. But not—not."

He looked at me with fear. "What is that you say? *Adelaide*, you are not going to die? you, whom I love, whom I have made happy, you have no cause to die."

Oh, agony! he thought of the one who Ah! could—for whose absence and misery death was better than life. Poor mortals! she, too, might have loved him. Doors, wife's jealousy! down, woman's pride! It was long, long ago. She is dead: and he—Oh! my husband! may God forgive me according as I pardon you!

I said to him once more, putting my arm round his neck, leaning on that he could only hear, not see me. "Laurence, if I should die, remember how happy we have been, and how dearly we have loved one another. Think of nothing sad or painful; think only that, living or dying, I loved you—I have loved none else in the world. And so, whatever chances, be content."

He seemed afraid to speak more, but I would be agitated: I bid he be kissed me, I left on my lips and cheeks—those that my own eyes, long used to my misery, had no power to show.

* * * Thank God, all I wished to do. I have told my husband all the truth. Only, whatever God will do with the event, I am prepared. Life is not to be my wish: I have given up that, for Laurence's sake, and for one besides—Ah! now I dimly guess what that poor mother felt, who, dying, saw her child the mercy of the father of all. But, heaven's will be done. I shall write here no more: I have nothing to say.

* * * It is all past and gone. I have been a mother—that I *have been!* And I never knew it. I write out of a new land, a strange world, where I am taken apart. Our only dwelling-place is the sepulchre. Amen!

For seven days, as they tell me, my babe lay by my side—its tiny hands folded, its little eyes closed as my breast. But I remember nothing—nothing! I was quite mad all the while.

then—it died—and I have no little face to dream of, no memory of the sweetness that has been: I am left to live. I had never been any child.

If I had only had my senses for one day—one hour; if I could but have seen my babe, Laurence's baby gave him his baby boy. Bitterly he grieves, my husband, my brother, because of me.

* * * My eyes seeing free are horrible. How I betrayed anything during my delirium! I think not. Louise says I lay all the time silent, dull, and did not even notice my brother's death, and that not even mention my darling Poor Laurence! I see him but little now; they will not suffer me. It is perhaps well: I could not bear his grief and my own. Yet, I might not be able to keep my secret safe.

I went yesterday to look at the tiny mound—all that is left to me of my dream of motherhood. Such a happy dream I did not, even in it, have I conceived me, many a time; how I used to sit and think of my darling: that was to come: I picture it lying in my arms—playing at my feet—growing in beauty—a joy, a youth, a man—and this—this is all—this the end!

Perhaps I may never have another child. If so, all the deep love which nature teaches, and which nature has even now awakened in my heart, must find no object, and droop and wither away, or be changed into repining. Not please God, she last shall never be: I will not submit, nor the blessings I have, by murmuring, be denied.

But I must love something, in the way that I would have loved my child. I have lost my babe; some babe may have lost a mother. A child—motherless—may be found—may be sought for.

I will have a little, and then—

* * *

In Mr. Shelmerdine's absence, I have accomplished my plan. I have contrived to visit the place where lies the infant of the lady, my husband's child.

I do believe my love to Laurence must be such as never before was borne to man by woman. It draws me even toward this little one: regarding all with like pity, even as years over the boy. But in this strange I in my free selfish dream, once since I have taken a look—he touched—a flower he had gathered—let it from my sisters, kissed it, and wept over it for more than I was fully: but it only made me more precious I hold every thing belonging to him dear, and I find service even from things inanimate—self—his own!

I will go and see the child to-morrow.

Weeks have passed, and yet I have had no strength to tell what that to-morrow brought. I will—something else. Now, I have time all I can until the appointed time—if we could but turn my hand. Yet it is best not.

I went to the cottage—alone, of course. I asked the old woman as to her come in and rest, as I was a stranger, and was—A Keach sat so kindly, remembering, perhaps, how I had first got to know her. He was her grandson, she told me—her daughter's child.

Her daughter! And this old creature was not so much—a rough-spoken woman—a laborer's wife. Laurence Shelmerdine—the elegant—the refined—what sudden must have passed between him!

She died very young, then, your daughter?" I found courage to say.

"Ay, ay: as a few months after the boy's birth. She was but a weak! thing, and had always been: though Lauranne had better a' been a ploughman's son. A bad business Rose made of it, poor child! I cannot know her right name, nor little Laurence's there: and so I cannot make his father own to it. He ought, for the lad's growing up a gentleman as himself, he'll never do to live with poor folk like us of choice."

"Alone!" I cried, forgetting all but my compassion. "Have how will the child bear his lot of choice?"

"Shame!" and the old woman came up fiercely to me. "Fool! better would your son's inclinations my Rose was as good as you.

I trembled violently, but could not speak. The woman went on:

"The former can: if I blab it all out, though Rose loved him not. She was a fool, and the young fellow something worse. His father tried to make him do right by her, but he never would: his mother would not have it. Was his mother as beautiful as her?"

"Ay, ay, and a few months after the boy's birth, she was laid in vault: his mother and she lie there together. Though Laurence had better a' been a ploughman's son. A bad business Rose made of it, poor child! I cannot know her right name, nor little Laurence's there: and so I cannot make his father own to it. He ought, for the lad's growing up a gentleman as himself, he'll never do to live with poor folk like